

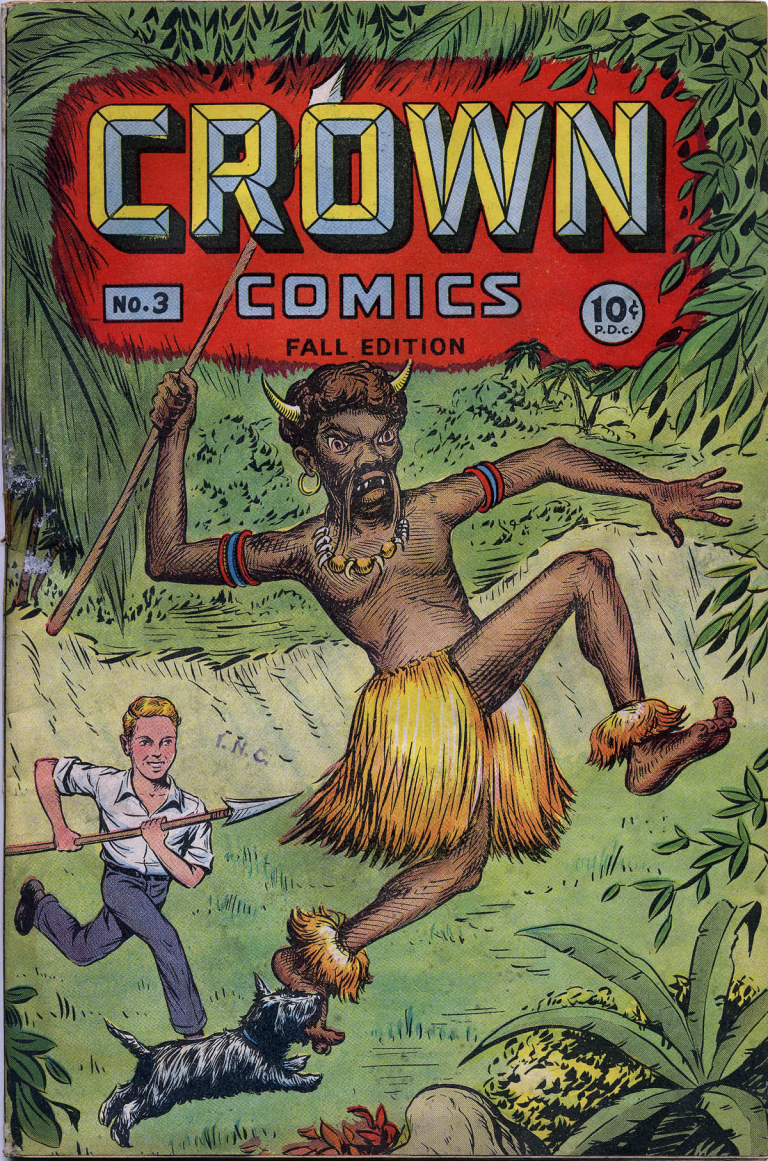
CROWN

No. 3

COMICS

FALL EDITION

10¢
P.D.C.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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American
Boy and Girl!**

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THE AMERICAN RANGER
GLOWLIGHT

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AND
Easy
TO
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**No Batteries
No Bulbs
Works by
MYSTERY GLOW**

**GIVEN MORSE CODE
and SEMAPHORE
ALPHABET CHART
WITH EACH
GLOWLIGHT**

**AMERICAN RANGER
GLOWLIGHT**

Here it is Boys and Girls. THE AMERICAN RANGER GLOWLIGHT that works without BULBS OR BATTERIES. It GLOWS IN THE DARK and you can SPOT different objects. Its MYSTERY GLOW is soft and faint so the enemy can't see you at great distances. You can give SEMAPHORE and MORSE CODE SIGNALS in the dark and have lots of fun. It takes but a few minutes to assemble. Complete instructions with each Glowlight. Be the first in your neighborhood to get one. SO HURRY, SEND for YOURS TODAY. \$1.00 FOR ONE; TWO FOR \$1.75.

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☐ TWO for \$1.75

NAME _____ BOX _____
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"SPOT" ANY OBJECT IN THE DARK



GIVE SIGNALS IN THE DARK



PLAY GAMES WITH AMERICAN RANGER GLOWLIGHT

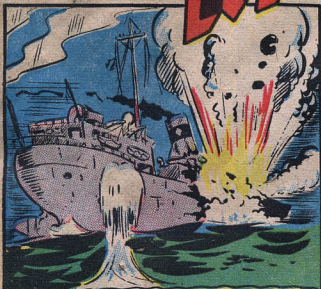
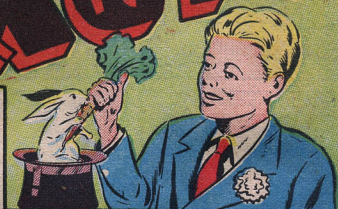


CARRY IT WHEN WEARING YOUR
SOLDIER, SAILOR, OR COWBOY SUIT

ADVENTURES WITH

MICKY MAGIC

BY
FONTAINE & GRADY



MICKY, A 16 YEAR OLD BOY, EXPERT AT TRICKS AND MAGIC, IS ADVENTURE BOUND WITH HIS DOG "TRIXY," ON A FREIGHTER IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC. THE BIG SHIP STRIKES A FLOATING MINE!

AS THE SHIP SINKS, EVERYONE TAKES TO THE LIFE BOATS. MICKY AND "TRIXY," ALONE IN A BOAT, TRY TO PICK UP SOME OF THE CREW, BUT A HEAVY SEA AND STRONG CURRENTS CARRY HIM AWAY.



HOURS LATER, MICKY IS HEADED FOR WHAT APPEARED TO BE ANOTHER BOAT, BUT AS DAWN BREAKS, THE BOAT TURNS OUT TO BE TREES ON AN ISLAND



EXHAUSTED, MICKY APPROACHES THE ISLAND AS HIS BOAT IS GROUND ON A CORAL REEF. THEY SWIM FOR SHORE.





REPEATING THE PROCEEDURE EACH TIME WITH 'PRESTO,' MICKEY THROWS ONE COCONUT AFTER ANOTHER TO THE WITCH DOCTOR WHO IS VERY MUCH FRIGHTENED BY THIS WHITE BOY WHO MAKES COCONUTS APPEAR FROM NOWHERE.



PRESTO!



YOU'RE NOT ANGRY? GEE, THANKS!

THE MYSTERIOUS COCONUTS ARE CARRIED AWAY BY THE WITCH DOCTOR--



I GUESS WE FOOLED THE OL' GUY, EH, TRIXY?



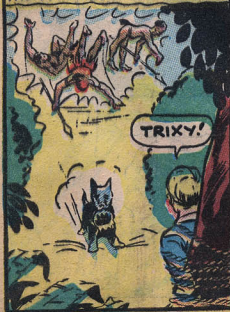
HELP!



LAY OFF, YOU GUYS! LET ME ALONE!

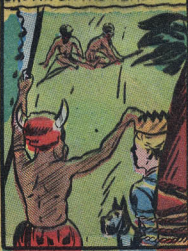


THE WITCH DOCTOR STUMBLES.



TRIXY!

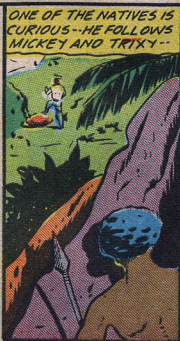
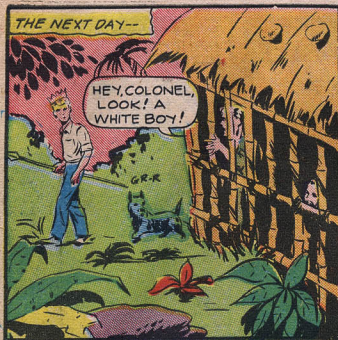
IMPRESSED BY THE COCONUT TRICK, THE WITCH DOCTOR TELLS THE NATIVES MICKEY IS A FRIEND AND PLACES THE CROWN ON HIS HEAD.



BOY, AM I GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS!



THE NATIVES ARE SUMMONED TO CELEBRATE



NATIVE SCOUTS ARE SENT OUT--

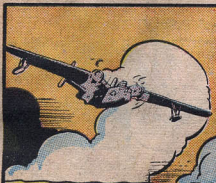
BANG!
CRACK!!



COME ON, TRIXY!



COLONEL! SERGEANT!
JAPS! THEY JUST
SHOT ONE OF THE
NATIVES!



THE SEA-PLANE RE-APPEARS--

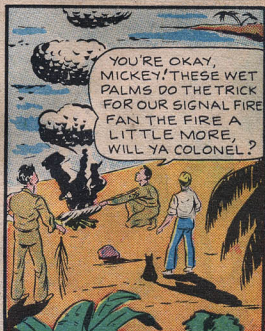
THOSE PUNKS!
SHOOT A GUY
IN THE BACK!



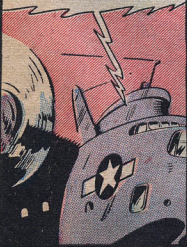
HURRY!
DOWN TO
THE BEACH!



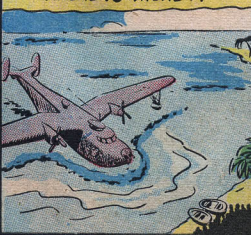
YOU'RE OKAY,
MICKEY! THESE WET
PALMS DO THE TRICK
FOR OUR SIGNAL FIRE
FAN THE FIRE A
LITTLE MORE,
WILL YA COLONEL?



PILOT TO CREW! SMOKE
SIGNAL OFF STARBOARD--
MIGHT BE OUR MEN--
GOING DOWN FOR A
LOOK--HANG ON!



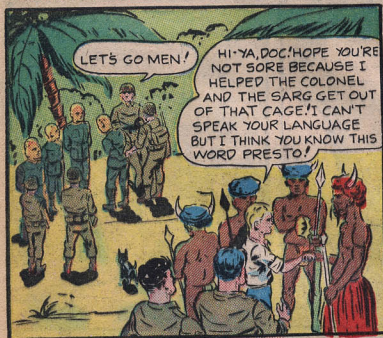
THE PLANE LANDS; THE CREW COMES
ASHORE AND GREETINGS ARE IN
ORDER. THE COLONEL TELLS HIS
STORY-- ALSO THAT THERE IS A
JAP PATROL ON THE ISLAND. HE
TELLS THEM ABOUT MICKEY--
WHERE IS MICKEY?



GEE, SARGE--
THEY'RE BOTH
DEAD!

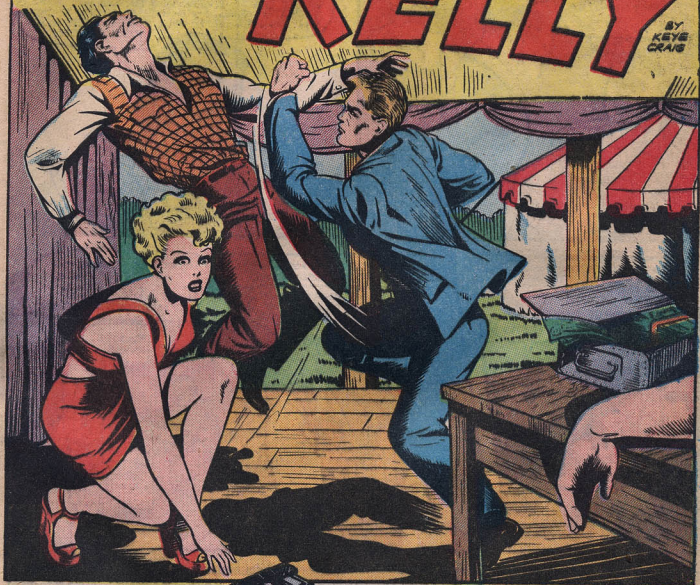
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S
BEEN A SCRAP
HERE! WE CAN
USE THIS GUY'S
GUN!





CLUE KELLY

BY
KEYE
CRAIG



THE PLACE: CONEY ISLAND..
THE TIME: KELLY'S DAY OFF..
THE TEMPERATURE: NINETY SIX..

ISN'T IT WONDER-
FUL HERE,
CLUE?

A FINE WAY
TO RELAX..
SAH!

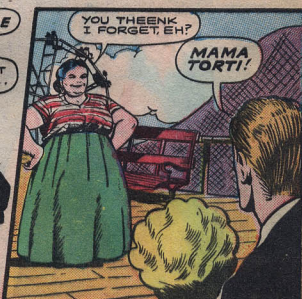
HEY YOU! LEETLE
KELLY!!

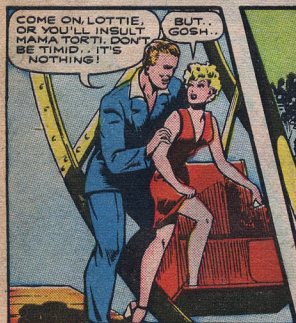
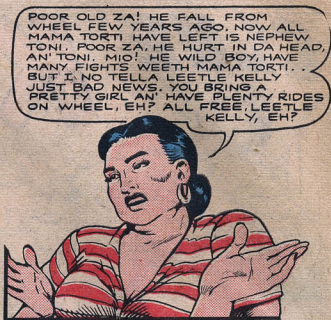
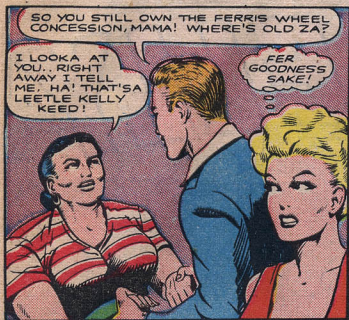
WHAT
THE..

WELL I
NEVER..

YOU THEENK
I FORGET, EH?

MAMA
TORTI!

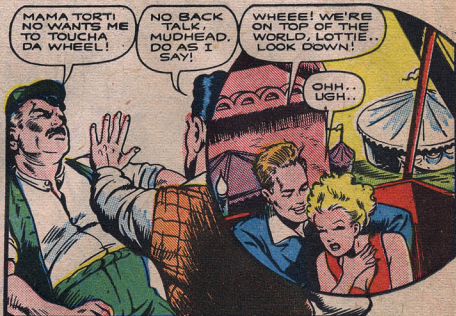






WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG,
DOPE? TAKE OVER THE
WHEEL. I GOT
BUSINESS TO
ATTEND TO.

BUT,
TONI...



MAMA TORTI
NO WANTS ME
TO TOUCHA
DA WHEEL!

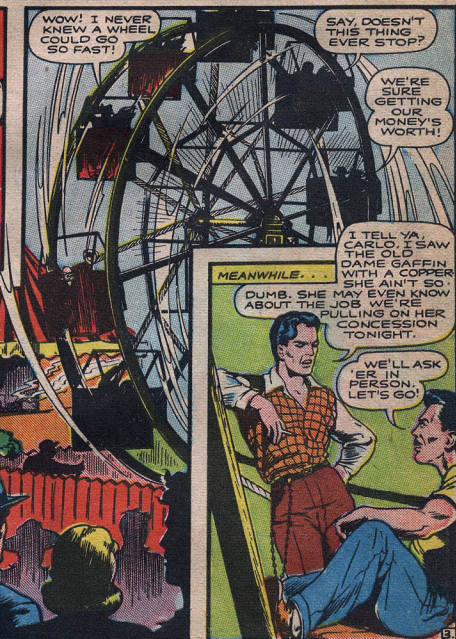
NO BACK
TALK...
MUDHEAD.
DO AS I
SAY!

WHEEE! WE'RE
ON TOP OF THE
WORLD, LOTTIE...
LOOK DOWN!

OH...
UGH...



TENNA YEARS
I NO RUN DA
WHEEL...
OH! ZA
FEEL
FUNNY...



WOW! I NEVER
KNEW A WHEEL
COULD GO
SO FAST!

SAY, DOESN'T
THIS THING
EVER STOP?

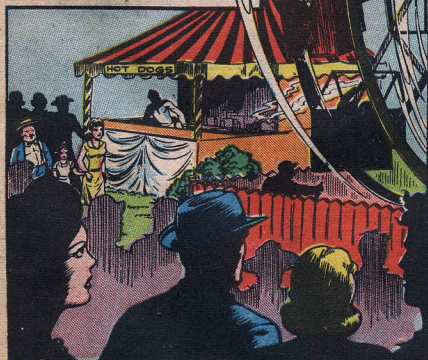
WE'RE
SURE
GETTING
OUR
MONEY'S
WORTH!

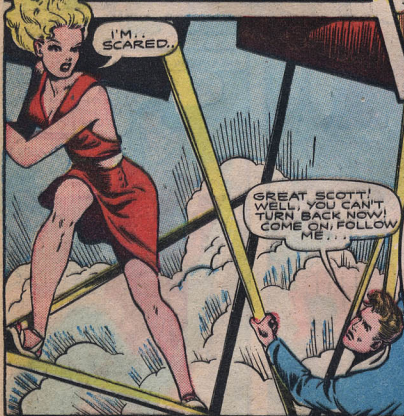
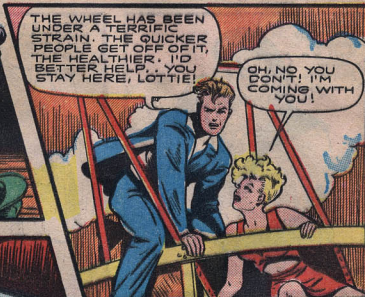
I TELL YA,
CARLO. I SAW
THE OLD
DAME GAFFIN
WITH A COPPER
SHE AIN'T SO.
SHE MAY EVEN KNOW
ABOUT THE JOB WE'RE
PULLING ON HER
CONCESSION
TONIGHT.

MEANWHILE...

DUMB. SHE MAY EVEN KNOW
ABOUT THE JOB WE'RE
PULLING ON HER
CONCESSION
TONIGHT.

WE'LL ASK
ER IN
PERSON.
LET'S GO!



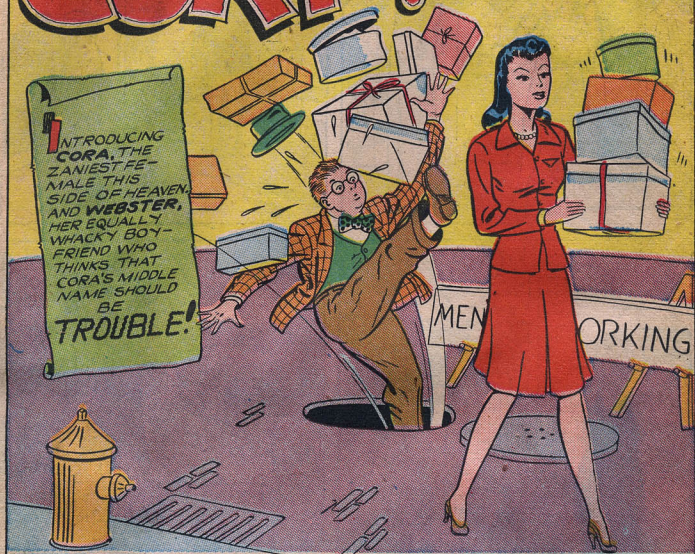






CORP!

WEBSTER!
HURRY UP WITH
THOSE PACKAGES!



1 INTRODUCING
CORA, THE
ZANIEST FE-
MALE THIS
SIDE OF HEAVEN,
AND WEBSTER,
HER EQUALLY
WHACKY BOY-
FRIEND WHO
THINKS THAT
CORA'S MIDDLE
NAME SHOULD
BE
TROUBLE!

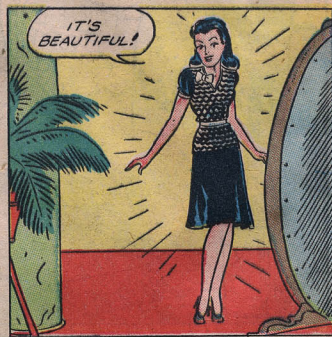
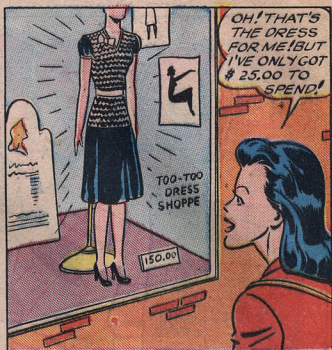


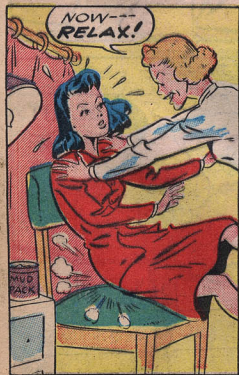
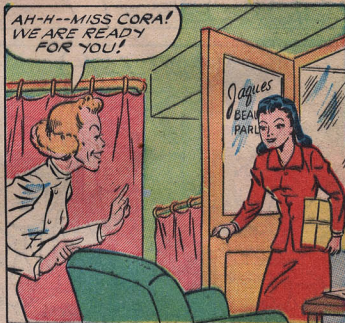
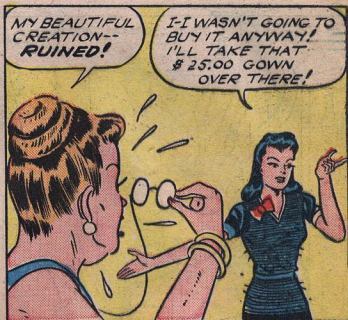
HI, CORA-- I'VE GOT A
WHOPPING SURPRISE FOR
YOU TONIGHT! BE READY
BY EIGHT TONIGHT!

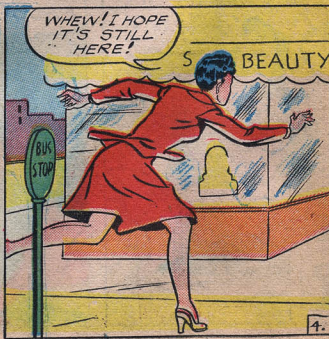
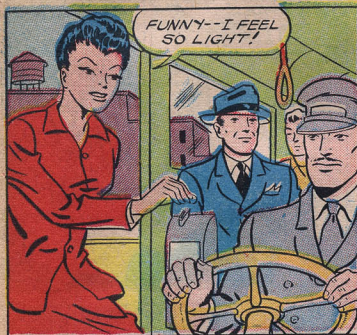
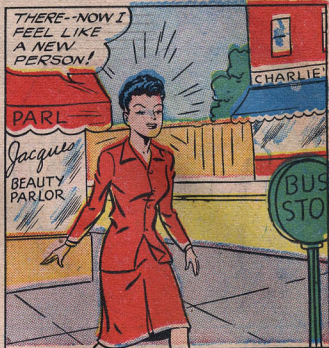
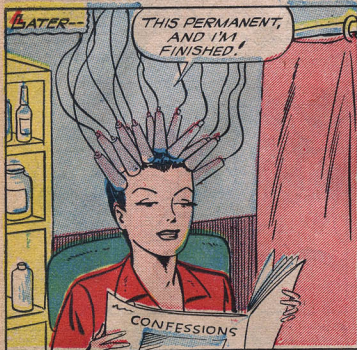
OKAY,
WEBBY, I'LL
BE READY!

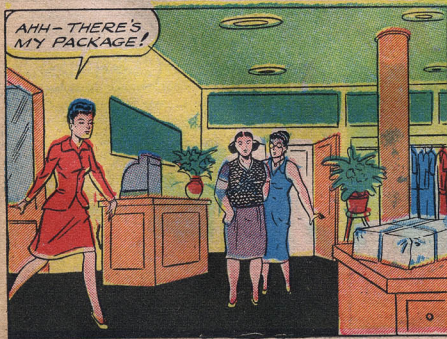
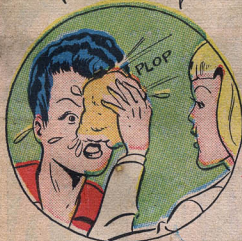
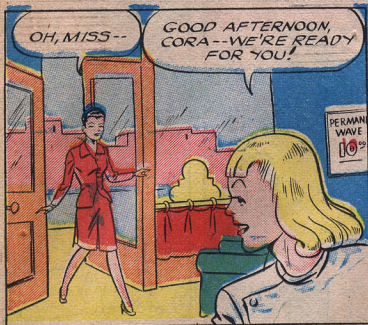


GOSH! WEBBY SOUNDS
EXCITED! HE MUST'VE
FOUND A NEW
NIGHT CLUB!











OHH! THE BOX SNAGGED A THREAD!



EEEK!

OH-OH-- I'D BETTER LEAVE!

YAAA!



GUESS SHE HAS A RIGHT TO BE ANGRY!

?@3!!
\$!?!
@!

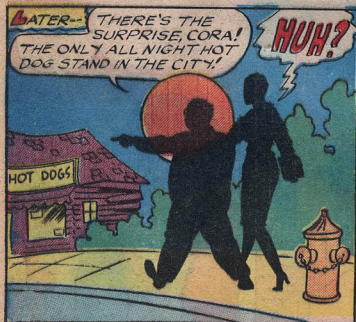


I'VE GOT FIFTY MINUTES IN WHICH TO GET DRESSED! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



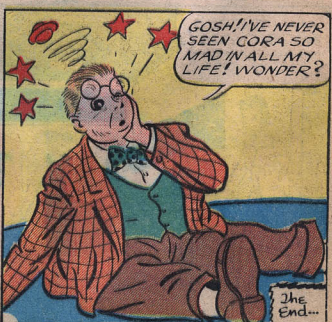
GOSH, CORA-- YOU'RE A KNOCKOUT!

NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOUR SURPRISE!



LATER-- THERE'S THE SURPRISE, CORA! THE ONLY ALL NIGHT HOT DOG STAND IN THE CITY!

HUH?



GOSH! I'VE NEVER SEEN CORA SO MAD IN ALL MY LIFE! WONDER?

The End...

THE KID

YOU'D never think that The Kid was a prize fighter. He looked like anything but a pug. You might think that maybe he was a choir boy. You don't look for a smooth baby face, crinkly blonde hair, and wide blue eyes on a leather pusher.

But The Kid was a fighter, and a darned good one. His rapier-like left, and his sharp, choppy right crosses were dynamite. His effortless footwork, and his fine timing made him feared by his opponents. With the fans, his trademark was a million dollar smile. Round after round he'd come out of his corner with his handsome face lit up in a white toothed smile. The Kid was strictly a fancy dan. And the fans loved it, especially the ladies.

Every time he would be billed at the Coliseum, St. Nick's or the Garden, the girls would turn out to root for him. The way they'd greet him, with squeals and screeches, would make you think that "The Voice" was crooning a swoon tune.

But he had one major fault. He didn't have the killer instinct. Whenever his cascading fists would have an opponent groggy, he didn't close in with the hay maker. In fact, The Kid had a powder puff punch. He just couldn't or wouldn't try for kayoes.

He had run up a string of impressive victories. Very few of his fights ever ended with The Kid's hair getting mussed. The other boys scarcely ever laid a glove on him. He was that clever. His long, lean body was as agile as a cat's. He'd fight easily, never getting rattled or flustered, and that flicking left would soon torment the other man until it drove him nuts. And The Kid would tipper-tapper himself to another win amid the squeals and howls of his feminine admirers.

Once I asked him what he was looking for when he stared at the man whom he would fight.

The Kid said, "Something I want to find." Then he turned his back on me and went on punching the bag.

* * * * *

HE WAS hard to know. He'd never talk much. All we knew about him was that he lived with his crippled mother, and that he was her sole support. He lived a clean life, and although he liked to be the center of attention, it never went to his head.

I was the boy's second through a lot of fights. I sat in his corner, gave him advice between the rounds, pleaded with him to put the other guy away, and wondered what lay behind that pleasant smile.

One thing I did notice, and it stuck in my mind. He'd always look his opponent in the face when they went out in the center of the ring for the referee's instruction. He'd stare for a moment as though searching for something in the other's face. For that brief moment, The Kid's eyes would be hard and brittle. His mouth, unsmiling, would become a grim line. His baby face would turn into a mask of hate. Then it would be gone in a flash. His boyish smile would spread, and once more he'd look like a choir boy, full of youth and innocence.

He was one of a string of lightweights owned by Robin Mulrooney. With the other scrapers he did his training at Mulrooney's big farm.

* * * * *

MULROONEY had big hopes for The Kid. He kind of hoped that he would make a champ out of the lad. But first he would have to prove that he was more than a fancy fighter. He'd have to prove that he could punch. I knew that the boy had a terrific punch. He packed dynamite in both fists. But he wouldn't show it in the ring.

"Kid," I pleaded with him, "you can punch. What are you saving it for?"

"I know for what," was his answer.

We booked a lot of fights for The Kid. He was eager to make dough, and he turned down nothing. One night he'd fight in the Garden and the next at some tank town club. Once he told me that he wanted to make the dough for an operation on his mother. Always it was the same story. He'd study his opponent's face, dance around him, smother him with flying leather, and win another easy victory. Always smiling, always holding back the knockout punch. The punch he was saving.

Our schedule called for him to do a series of bouts in some Pennsylvania tank towns. Towns where a classy scrapper like The Kid had no business showing. But he was after the long green, and Mulrooney knew what the lad wanted the money for, so he didn't say no.

* * * * *

WELL, we pulled into a little fight club on the outskirts of Scranton. The dressing rooms were dingy and dirty. It was

a rotten club. The Kid looked out of place in the dismal dressing room. But without a word he got into his fight togs. Straddling a bench, he held his hands out for me to bandage them. I was busy doing that, when somebody rapped on the door. I yelled for whoever it was to come in. A big fat man smoking a chewed-up cigar walked into the dressing room. We both looked at him. The man pushed a beat up old felt hat on the back of his head and spoke:

"I'm Nat Robinson, what runs this club. I got sometin' ta ast you guys. Itsa favor." His voice was raspy, like a record when the phonograph needle needs changing.

"What?" I asked, continuing with the bandages.

"Well, Wildcat Peters, what was supposed to fight yer boy can't fight. He busted a mitt. So I wanta put in a sub." He paused, knowing well that he had to give us at least 24 hours notice, according to the boxing laws before making a substitution.

"Who do you have in mind?" I queried.

"Sailor Russel." Robinson removed the cigar and looked at me.

I knew that Sailor Russel was an old-timer, with a long unsavory record of dirty fighting. He'd had his license revoked more than once. He thought nothing of gouging, or butting. But before I could say anything, The Kid spoke up.

"I don't care who I fight. I want to fight tonight, and I want my money."

"You'll get yer dough, Kid" Robinson put the cigar back in his mouth and walked out.

I tried to tell The Kid that he would have his hands full with Russel.

"He's dirty. He can punch like a mule. He might hurt you. You know you don't have to go ahead with this," I argued.

The Kid smiled at me. I knew he had his mind made up, and that was that.

PRETTY soon it was fight time. We walked up the rickety stairs into the arena. The club was filled with smoke. Everywhere men packed the seats of the dingy fight arena. It was a far cry from the swank of the Garden.

The Kid smiled, and as he stood in his corner he seemed more out of place than ever in the blue smoke haze of the arc lights. A roar went up from raucous, husky throats as Sailor Russel shuffled into the ring. He was a solid, well built man with a pug's face. Battered nose, cauliflower ears, and pig eyes marked him with the stamp of his profession.

I was talking to The Kid when he saw Russel. His whole body tensed. I could feel his muscles go taut under my fingers. His eyes pin-pointed into slits of hate. His mouth grew thin, cruel.

it was the same expression I had seen flit across the boy's face many times. But this time it didn't disappear.

As the two fighters came together in the center of the ring, The Kid didn't take his eyes from the other's brutal face. They touched gloves, and at the bell, my boy went out like a cyclone. His gloves whipped through the air so fast that your eyes couldn't follow them. He battered Russel mercilessly.

The older man tried to stem the tide, but The Kid's fists thudded their tatoo on his face and body. The crowd went wild. I was surprised. This was not the way The Kid fought. Then I saw his face. Cold vicious hatred was written on it. He was not smiling. His boyish face was a mask of fury. Mercilessly he pounded away. His blows were cruel and powerful. The Sailor's head rocked crazily under the impact. His knees buckled and his eyes went glassy. Still The Kid pounded and pounded until he was covered with Russel's blood. He pushed Russel against the ropes, and holding him upright with his left hand slugged him again and again with his right. The astonished referee tried to break in, but The Kid pushed him aside. He punched and pounded until the Sailor fell heavily to the canvas. The blood-thirsty crowd was satisfied. It had seen enough blood. A count wasn't necessary. Sailor was out.

THEY carried Sailor away, a limp, quivering mass of flesh. He was completely beaten.

The Kid, his face soft and smiling again walked jauntily to the dressing room. I followed him.

"Kid", I said, "I ain't never seen you like this. What happened? You almost killed that guy."

"I don't care if I did," he said, "he needs killing."

"Do you know him?"

"Know him. I ought to. He's my brother. Ten years ago, he ran away from home. I was a kid then. But before he ran away— he—," The Kid stopped and looked at me. "He cleaned out Mom's rent money. She caught him and when she tried to stop him, he knocked her down. She's been a cripple ever since. He did something to her spine. I swore that I'd pay him back. You see I knew he was a fighter. I knew that some day I'd meet him. That's why I never tried for kayoes. I don't like fighting— but with him it was different. I swore I'd get him."

The Kid smiled at me, and walked into the shower. He was a strange guy. You'd never think he belonged in the fight game, with that sweet smile and that baby face.

THE END

The Storyman



IN THE CONCRETE CANYONS OF BIG CITY WHERE TWO DETECTIVES SPOT THEIR PREY DARTING FROM THE SHADOWS---

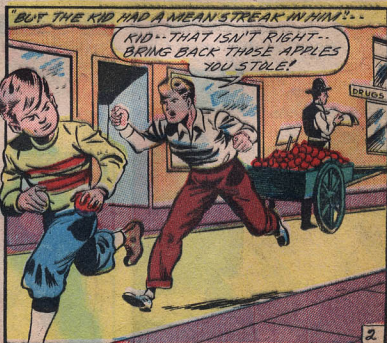
THERE HE GOES MACK!
LET HIM HAVE IT!

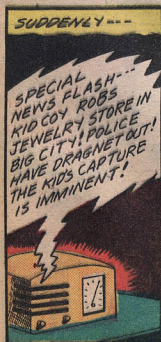
RIGHT!

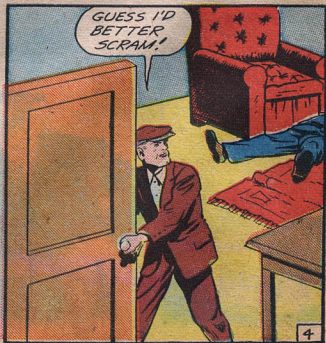
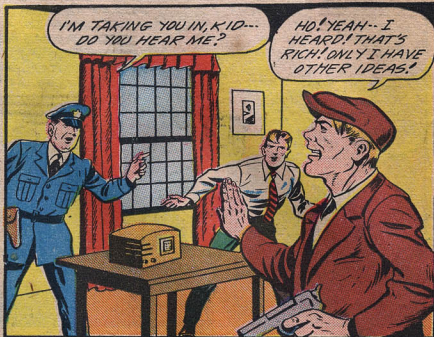
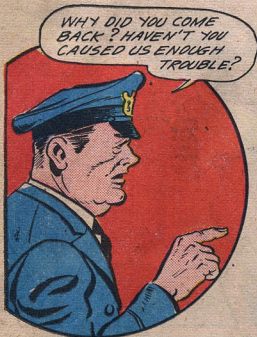
BUT A STRANGE GUN ROARS OUT FIRST---

BLAM!

HEY! WHO FIRED THAT?





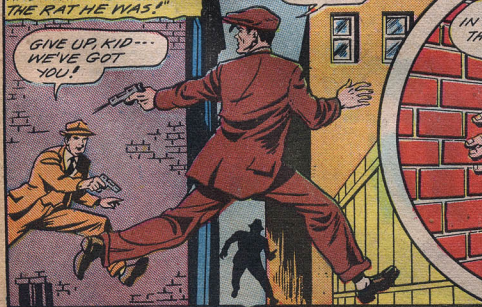




I WALKED INTO THE STREET--CONFUSED--
BEWILDERED--I WAS OUT FOR BLOOD
REVENGE!"



"IT WAS TRUE--THE KID
WAS CORNERED LIKE
THE RAT HE WAS!"



"BUT EVEN I KNEW WHERE THE KID WAS HEADING FOR"--

THE ALLEYS--HE THINKS HE'LL BE SAFE THERE--



WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

THE KID RAN DOWN HERE!



THERE HE GOES-- SHOOT HIM!

YEAH!



BUT--

YOU'VE LOST, KID--THE GAME'S OVER!

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?



THAT'S MY STORY, GENTLEMEN! I'M READY NOW!

DON'T WORRY, JIM! EVEN IF HE WAS YOUR BROTHER, YOU DID A SERVICE FOR HUMANITY!

THINGS'LL GO EASY FOR YOU!

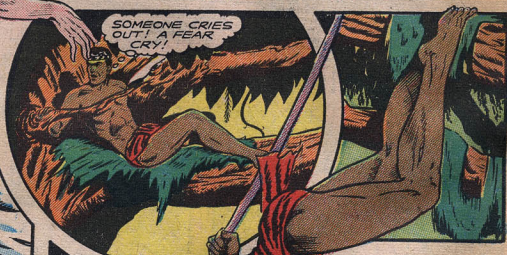
--AND THAT'S HOW "BLOOD REVENGE" ENDED--YOU SEE--IT ALL ADDS UP TO CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!



THE END

VOODAH







FIRST I TAKE THUNDER STICK! NOW AS YOU DESIRE, I STAND!



BEWARE, VOODAH!

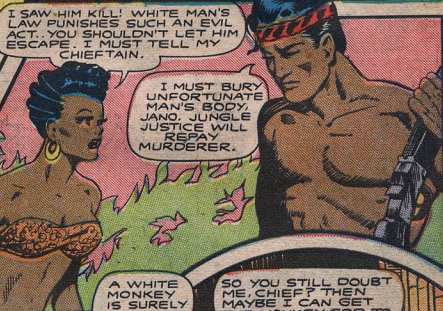
IT IS BEST THAT YOU MOVE ON. JUNGLE NOT NEED MEN LIKE YOU!

THIS IS A BREAK! IT'S WORTH MY GUN TO GO. NEWS ABOUT KILLING THAT COPPER CAN'T SPREAD, OR I'M SUNK. GOT TO SEE CHIEF OF THE MONKEY WORSHIPPERS. IF I CAN FIND HIM...

BUT JUSTICE SEEMS TO HAVE OVERLOOKED BLAKE, FOR HE HAS ARRIVED WHEREIN THE SETTLEMENT WHEREIN LIVES THE N'RISI TRIBE OF MONKEY WORSHIPPERS AND IS BEING HOUSTELY LED TO THE HIGH CHIEF...



SEE HOW EXCITED THE MONKEYS ARE. I KNEW THEY'D RECOGNIZE THEIR LITTLE GOD.

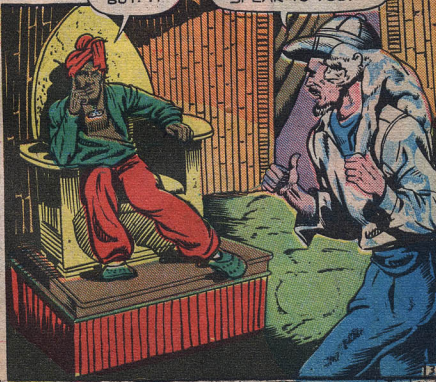


I SAW HIM KILL! WHITE MAN'S LAW PUNISHES SUCH AN EVIL ACT. YOU SHOULDN'T LET HIM ESCAPE. I MUST TELL MY CHIEFTAIN.

I MUST BURY UNFORTUNATE MAN'S BODY. JANO. JUNGLE JUSTICE WILL REPAY MURDERER.

A WHITE MONKEY IS SURELY AN OMEN, BUT...

SO YOU STILL DOUBT ME, CHIEF? THEN MAYBE I CAN GET THE MONKEY GOD TO SPEAK TO YOU.

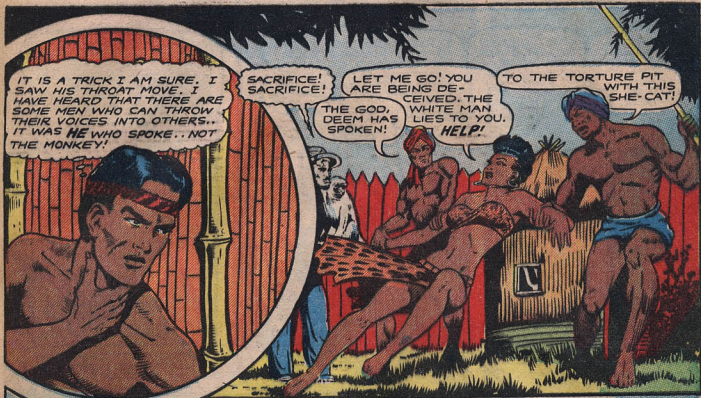




WITH THE SAME INTENTION, JANO RUSHED THROUGH THE FOREST BUT...

OH! I'M TOO LATE.. HE IS ALREADY HERE!





IT IS A TRICK I AM SURE. I SAW HIS THROAT MOVE. I HAVE HEARD THAT THERE ARE SOME MEN WHO CAN THROW THEIR VOICES INTO OTHERS... IT WAS HE WHO SPOKE... NOT THE MONKEY!

SACRIFICE! SACRIFICE!

LET ME GO! YOU ARE BEING DECEIVED. THE WHITE MAN LIES TO YOU. HELP!

TO THE TORTURE PIT WITH THIS SHE-CAT!

BURN OUT HER LYING TONGUE! LET NOT HER IDLE CHATTER BRING THE WRATH OF THE MONKEY GOD UPON OUR PEOPLE!

HELP! HELP!

IT SHALL BE DONE, O CHIEF!

THIS ACT WILL ONLY INCREASE MY POWER.

THE FIRE IS READY. PREPARE THE BRAND.

PLEASE... I BEG YOU...

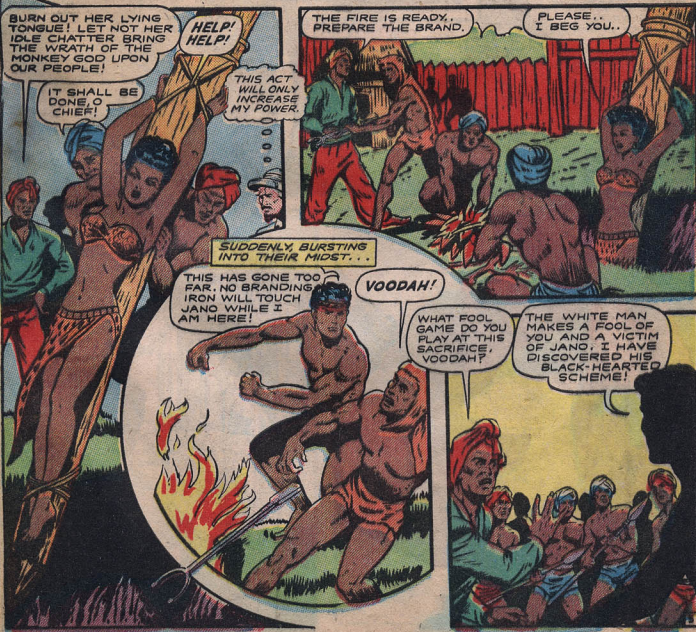
SUDDENLY, BURSTING INTO THEIR MIDST...

THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR. NO BRANDING IRON WILL TOUCH JANO WHILE I AM HERE!

VOODAH!

WHAT FOOL GAME DO YOU PLAY AT THIS SACRIFICE, VOODAH?

THE WHITE MAN MAKES A FOOL OF YOU AND A VICTIM OF JANO. I HAVE DISCOVERED HIS BLACK-HEARTED SCHEME!





IF YOU DO NOT SPEAK THE TRUTH VOODAH, YOUR LIFE WILL NOT BE SPARED!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, CHIEF. HE'S YOUR ENEMY. KILL HIM!



I KNOW WHO THE ENEMY IS. TRY MAKING YOUR MONKEY GOD SPEAK NOW WHILE I HOLD YOUR TWO-VOICED THROAT.

VOODAH!

AURGGG.

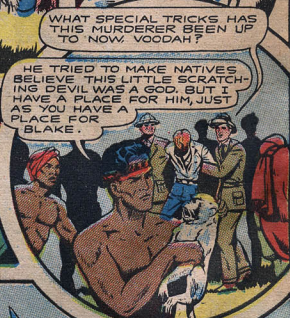


DO NOT FEAR, CHIEF. YOU SEE HE IS USELESS WITHOUT HIS THROAT MAGIC. THIS MAN HAS NO POWER... HE IS CLEVER IN THE WAYS OF EVIL, THAT IS ALL.



JUST A MINUTE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? AH. I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN BLAKE WOULD BE IN ON THIS. SO WE'VE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.

GOVERNMENT MEN!



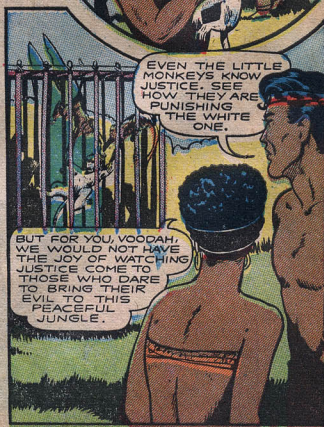
WHAT SPECIAL TRICKS HAS THIS MURDERER BEEN UP TO NOW, VOODAH?

HE TRIED TO MAKE NATIVES BELIEVE THIS LITTLE SCRATCHING DEVIL WAS A GOD. BUT I HAVE A PLACE FOR HIM, JUST AS YOU HAVE A PLACE FOR BLAKE.



COME, LITTLE JANO, YOU ARE FREE. BUT BLAKE SHALL PAY THE FULL MEASURE FOR HIS CRIME.

OH, VOODAH! YOU SAVED MY LIFE.



EVEN THE LITTLE MONKEYS KNOW JUSTICE. SEE HOW THEY ARE PUNISHING THE WHITE ONE.

BUT FOR YOU, VOODAH, WE WOULD NOT HAVE THE JOY OF WATCHING JUSTICE COME TO THOSE WHO DARE TO BRING THEIR EVIL TO THIS PEACEFUL JUNGLE.



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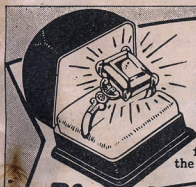
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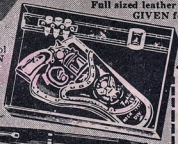
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